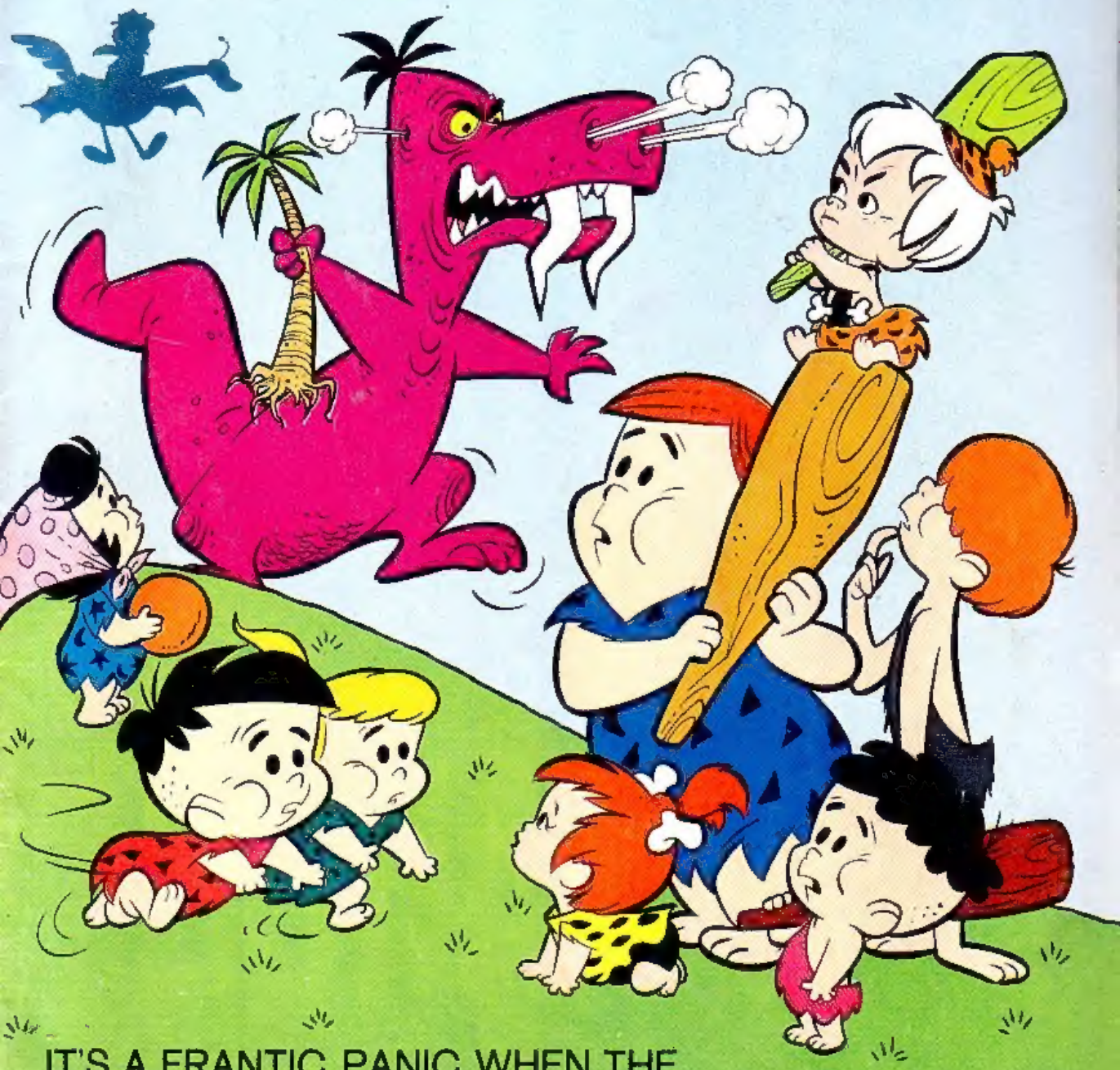
GOLD KEY
CAVE KIDS
BE
12¢
10044-509
SEPTEMBER

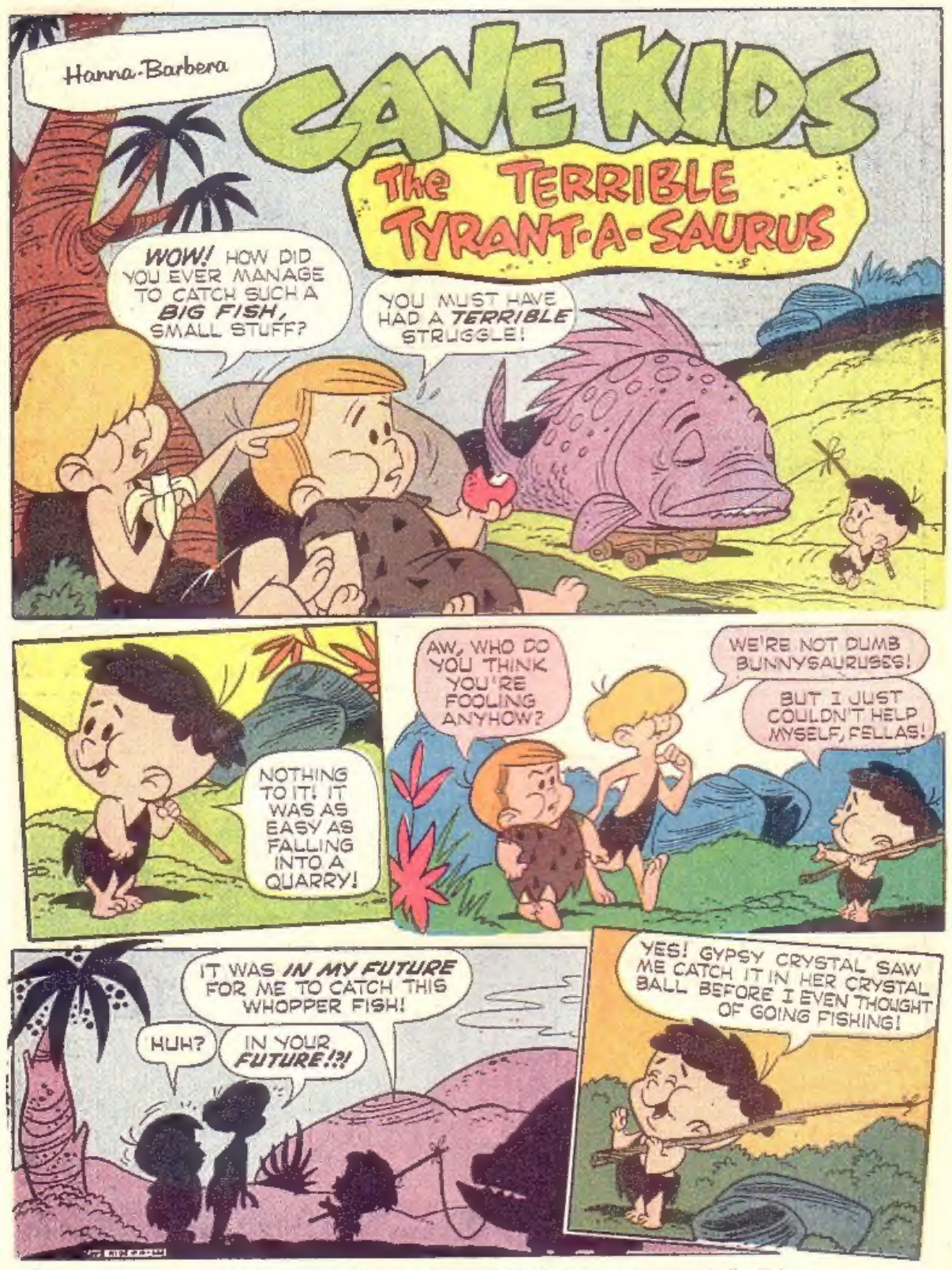
HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



IT'S A FRANTIC PANIC WHEN THE CAVE KIDS MEET THE TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!


Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
The TERRIBLE TYRANT-A-SAURUS
WOW! HOW DID YOU EVER MANAGE TO CATCH SUCH A BIG FISH, SMALL STUFF?
YOU MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE!
NOTHING TO IT! IT WAS AS EASY AS FALLING INTO A QUARRY!
AW, WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING ANYHOW?
WE'RE NOT DUMB BUNNYSAURUSES!
BUT I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF, FELLAS!
IT WAS IN MY FUTURE FOR ME TO CATCH THIS WHOPPER FISH!
HUH?
IN YOUR FUTURE!?!
YES! GYPSY CRYSTAL SAW ME CATCH IT IN HER CRYSTAL BALL BEFORE I EVEN THOUGHT OF GOING FISHING!

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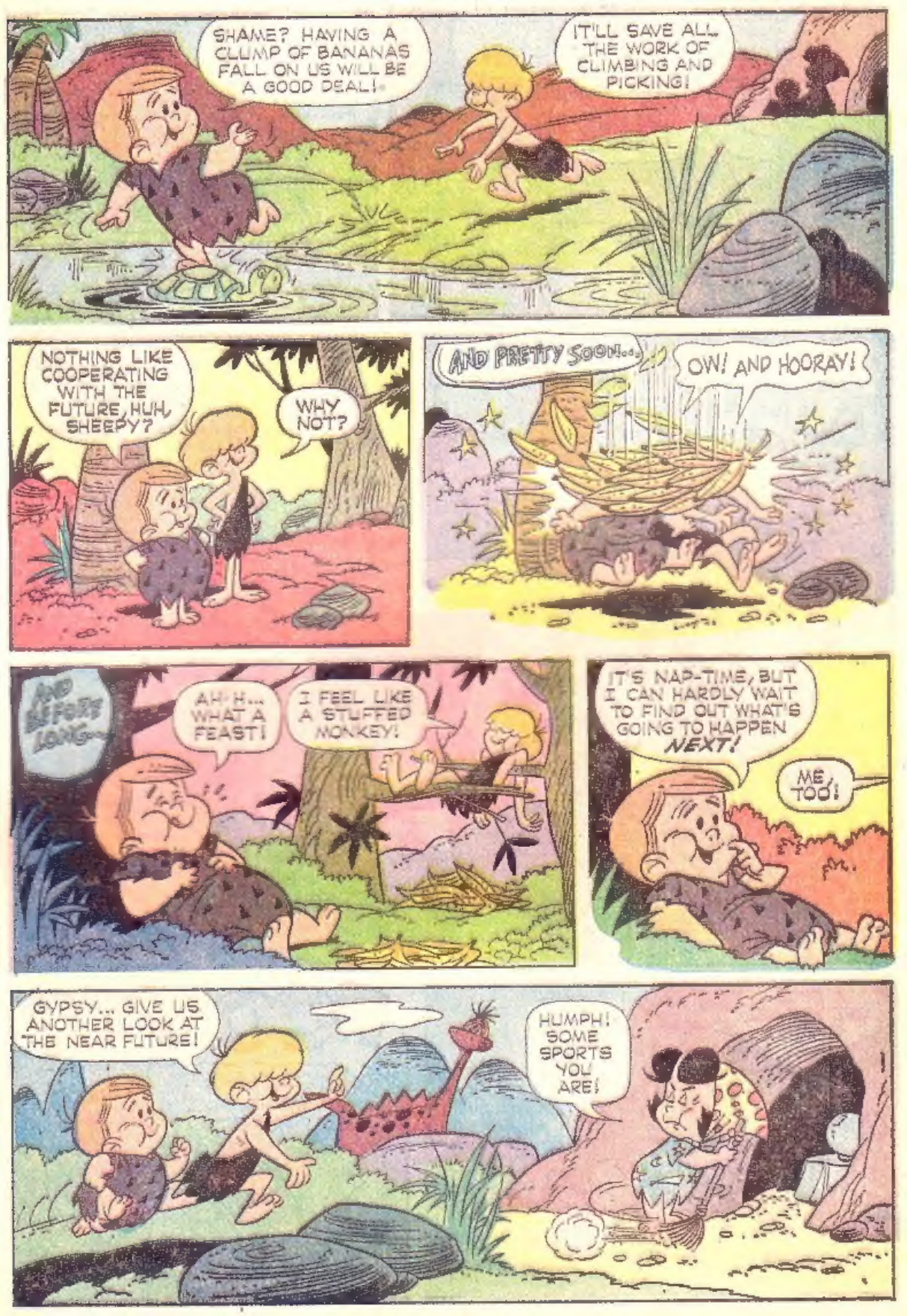
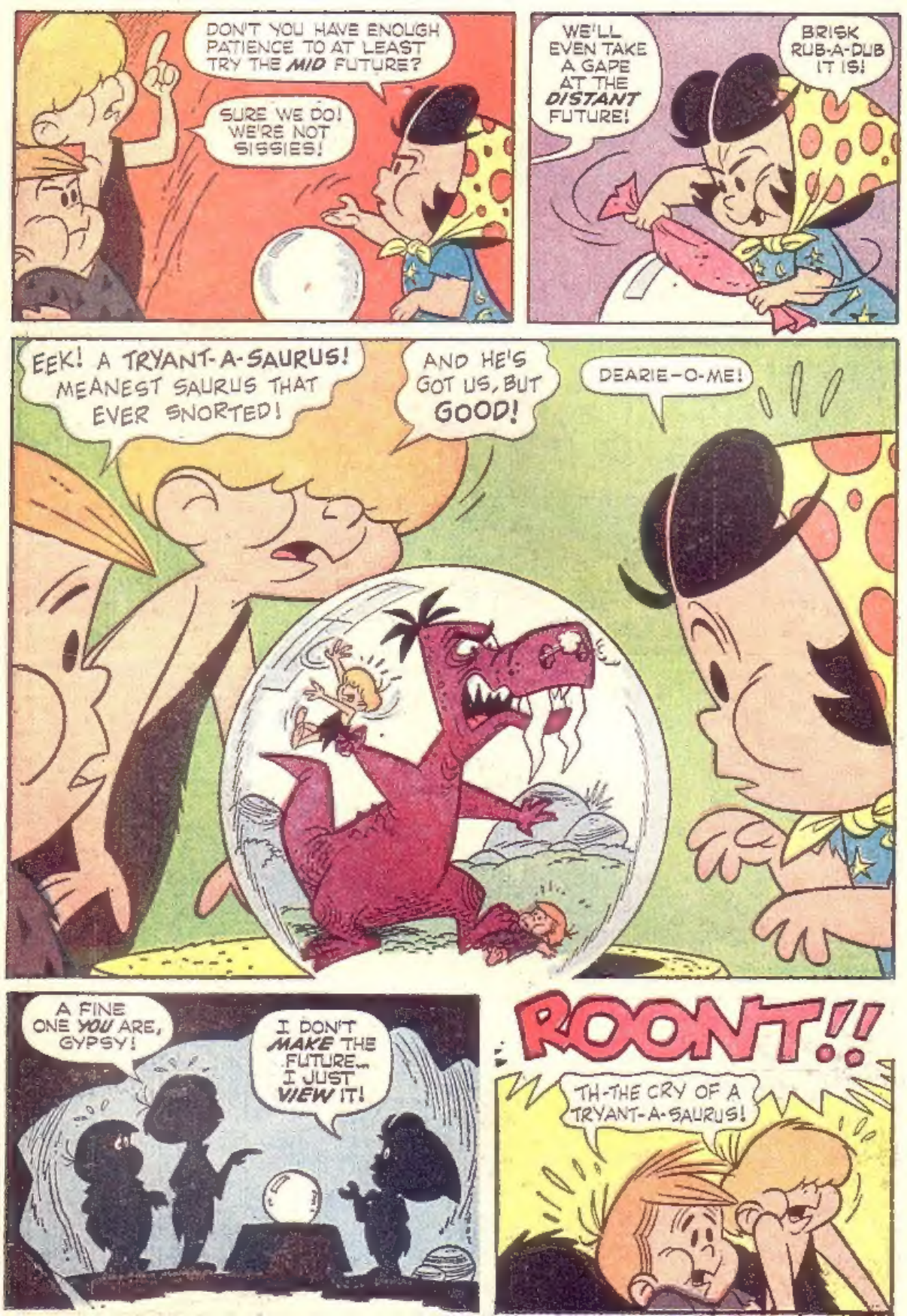
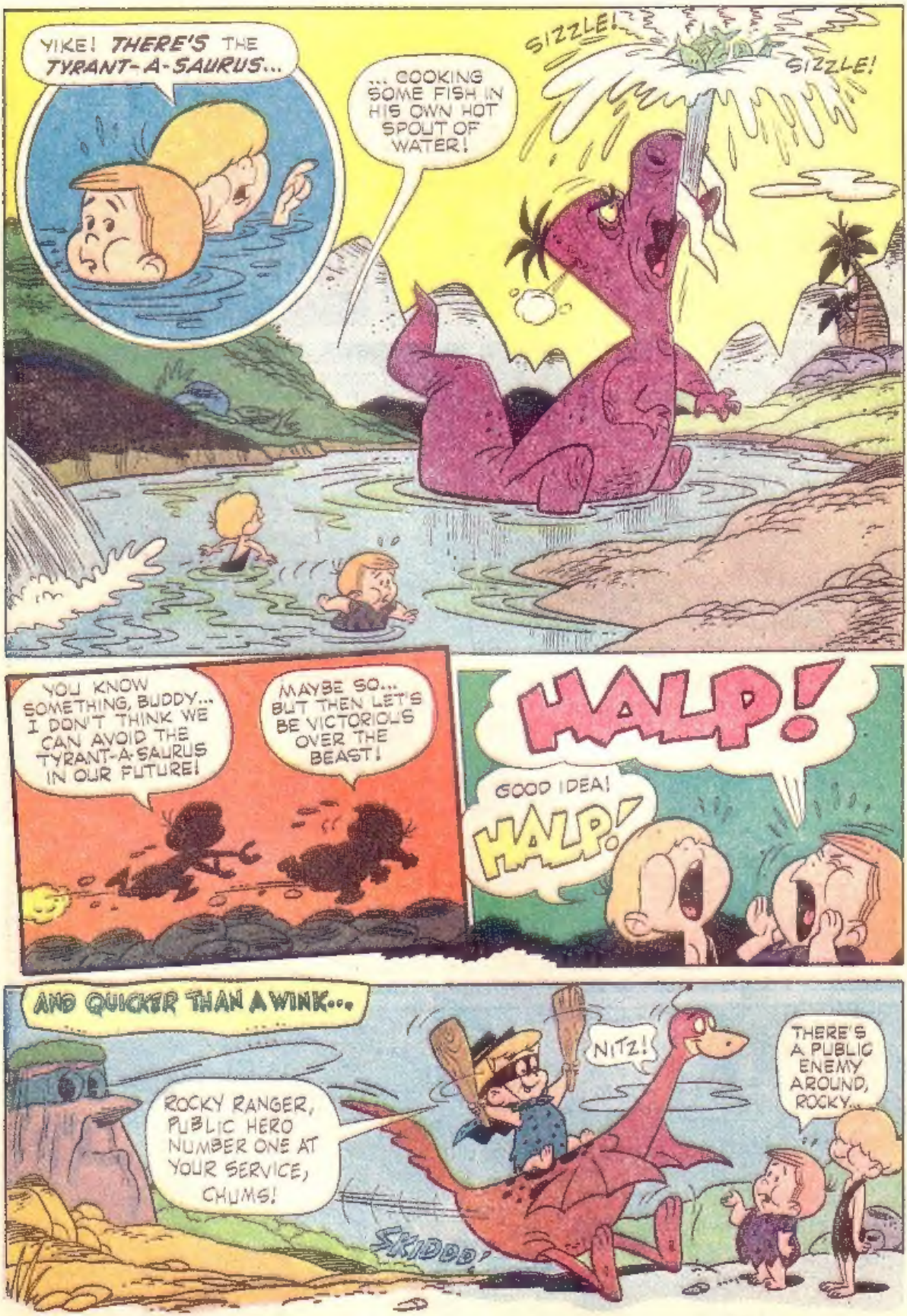
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

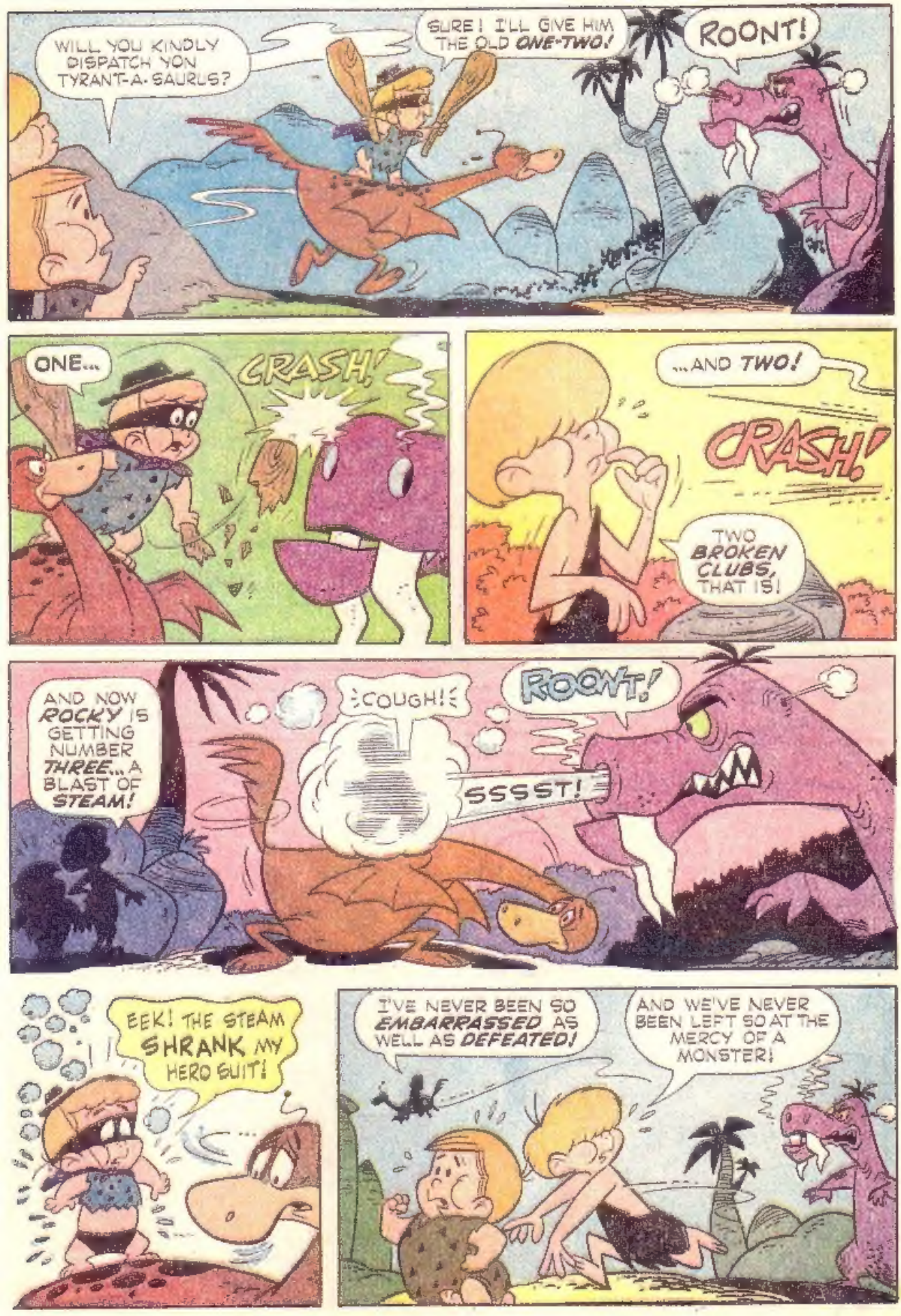
IF SHE SEES A THING HAPPEN IN HER CRYSTAL BALL... IT'S BOUND TO HAPPEN!
HMM...
GYPSY CRYSTAL The FUTURE REVEALED
Z
WHAT'RE WE WAITING FOR?
LET'S GET IN ON THE FUN!
GYPSY... WHAT'S IN OUR FUTURE?
NEAR FUTURE? MID FUTURE? OR DISTANT FUTURE?
NEAR FUTURE, NATCH!
WHO CAN STAND THE WAIT FOR ANY OTHER?
OKAY... A SHORT RUB WILL REVEAL YOUR NEAR FUTURE, BUDDY AND SHEEPY!
THERE WE ARE, STANDING BY A BANANA TREE!
TCH-TCH! WHAT A SHAME!


SHAME? HAVING A CLUMP OF BANANAS FALL ON US WILL BE A GOOD DEAL!
IT'LL SAVE ALL THE WORK OF CLIMBING AND PICKING!
NOTHING LIKE COOPERATING WITH THE FUTURE, HUH, SHEEPY?
WHY NOT?
AND PRETTY SOON!...
OW! AND HOORAY!
AND BEFORE LONG...
AH-H... WHAT A FEAST!
I FEEL LIKE A STUFFED MONKEY!
IT'S NAP-TIME, BUT I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT!
ME, TOO!
GYPSY... GIVE US ANOTHER LOOK AT THE NEAR FUTURE!
HUMPH! SOME SPORTS YOU ARE!

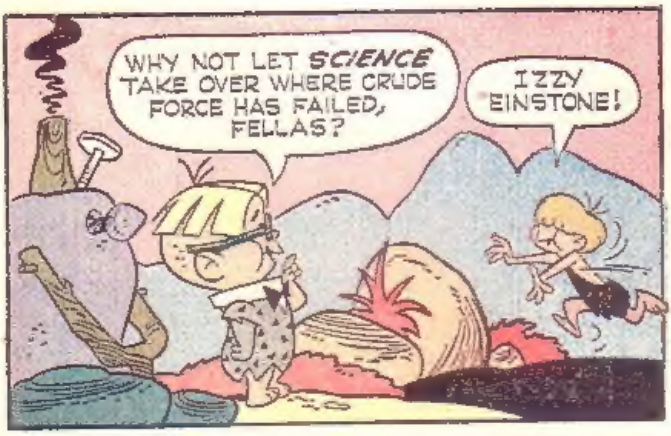

DON'T YOU HAVE ENOUGH PATIENCE TO AT LEAST TRY THE MID FUTURE?
SURE WE DO! WE'RE NOT SISSIES!
WE'LL EVEN TAKE A GAPE AT THE DISTANT FUTURE!
BRISK RUB-A-DUB IT IS!
EEK! A TRYANT-A-SAURUS! MEANEST SAURUS THAT EVER SNORTED!
AND HE'S GOT US, BUT GOOD!
DEARIE-O-ME!
A FINE ONE YOU ARE, GYPSY!
I DON'T MAKE THE FUTURE... I JUST VIEW IT!
ROONT!!
TH-THE CRY OF A TRYANT-A-SAURUS!

THE DISTANT FUTURE SOUNDS TOO CLOSE ALREADY... LET'S SCRAM!
BUT, BOYS...YOU CAN'T AVOID THE FUTURE!
OH, YEAH? JUST WATCH AND SEE!
HE CAN'T GET BOTH OF US IF WE SEPARATE!
OR EITHER ONE OF US IF WE HIDE WELL ENOUGH!
KEEP OUT! CONDEMNED CAVE
(ULP!) I'M THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF A CAVE-IN!
YI! THIS RIVER IS GOING UNDERGROUND!
WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE SEPARATE WAYS ARE ONE!
SPLASH!

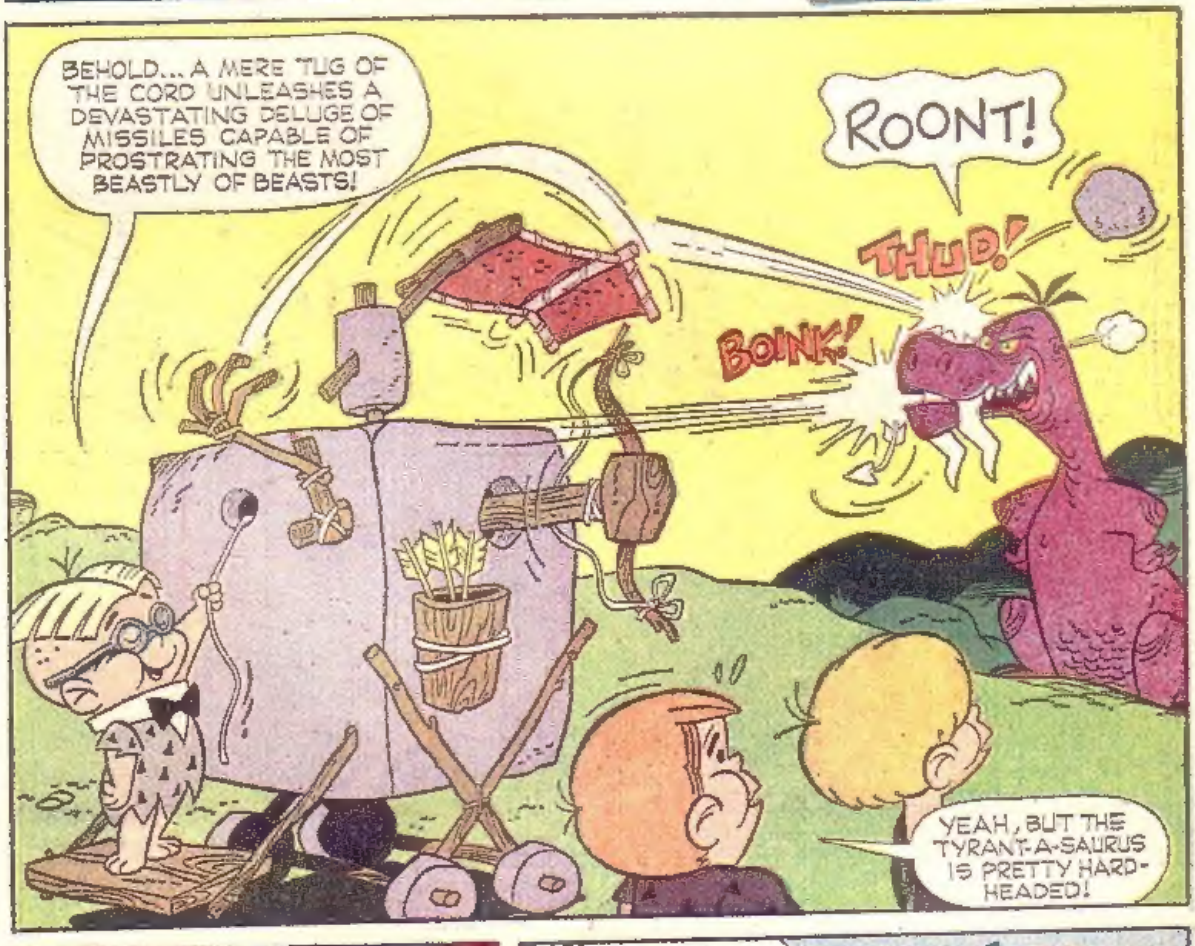

YIKE! THERE'S THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS...
... COOKING SOME FISH IN HIS OWN HOT SPOUT OF WATER!
SIZZLE!
SIZZLE!
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, BUDDY... I DON'T THINK WE CAN AVOID THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IN OUR FUTURE!
MAYBE SO... BUT THEN LET'S BE VICTORIOUS OVER THE BEAST!
HALP!
GOOD IDEA! HALP!
AND QUICKER THAN A WINK...
ROCKY RANGER, PUBLIC HERO NUMBER ONE AT YOUR SERVICE, CHUMS!
NITZ!
SKIDDO!
THERE'S A PUBLIC ENEMY AROUND, ROCKY...

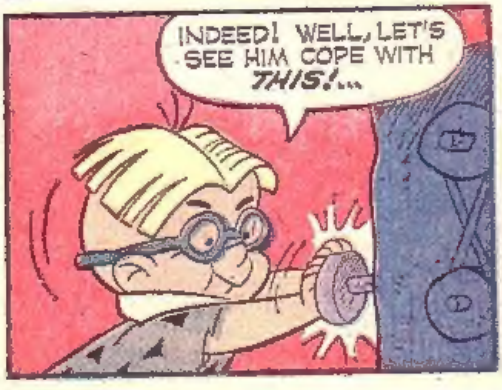

WILL YOU KINDLY DISPATCH YON TYRANT-A-SAURUS?
SURE! I'LL GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO!
ROONT!
ONE...
CRASH!
...AND TWO!
CRASH!
TWO BROKEN CLUBS, THAT IS!
AND NOW ROCKY IS GETTING NUMBER THREE... A BLAST OF STEAM!
:COUGH!:
ROONT!
SSSST!
EEK! THE STEAM SHRANK MY HERO SUIT!
I'VE NEVER BEEN SO EMBARRASSED AS WELL AS DEFEATED!
AND WE'VE NEVER BEEN LEFT SO AT THE MERCY OF A MONSTER!

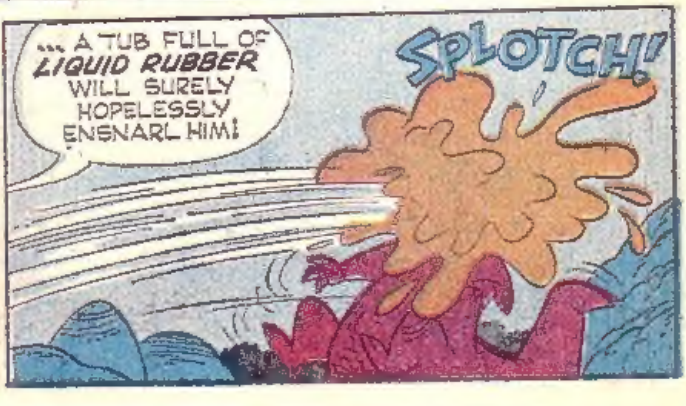
SMASH! BASH!
LOOK! LITTLE BAMM-BAMM IS WORKING IN THE QUARRY MAKING GRAVEL!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUDDY...
STONE FOR SALE
IF BAMM-BAMM CAN MAKE GRAVEL OUTA BOULDERS... MAYBE HE CAN MAKE TID-BITS OUTA THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!
SIC HIM, LITTLE CHUM!
BAMM-BAMM!
ROONT! ROONT! ROONT!
BONK! BONK!
I SORTA FEEL SORRY FOR THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS NOW!
YIKES! HE'S TURNED THE HAMMER INTO MOLTEN LAVA!
THAT ONLY MADE HIM MADDER THAN EVER!
RUN! HE'S THROWING A REGULAR TYRANT-TYPE FIT!
ROONT!
BALANCED MOUNTAIN

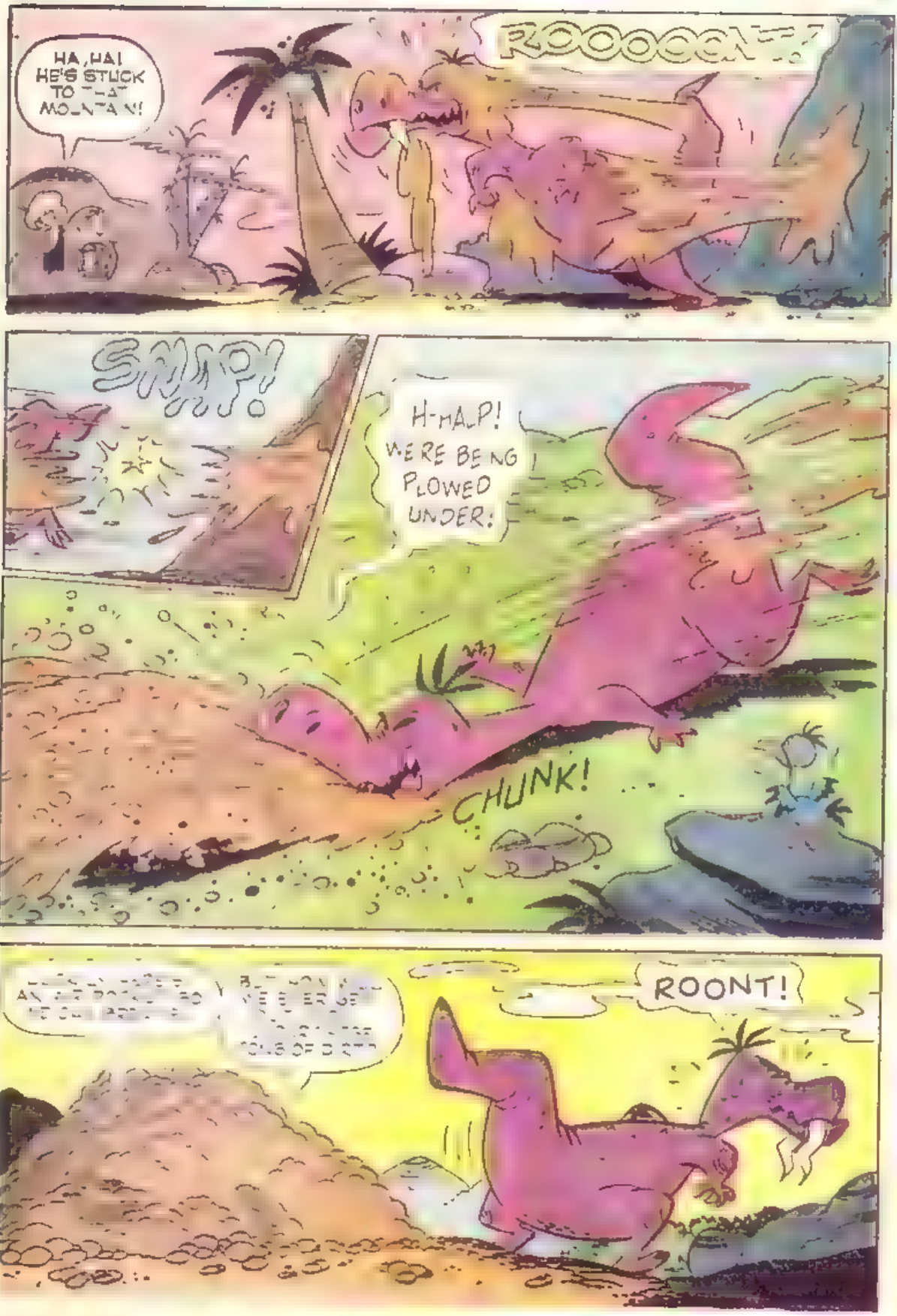

WHY NOT LET SCIENCE TAKE OVER WHERE CRUDE FORCE HAS FAILED, FELLAS?
IZZY EINSTONE!

I HAVE AN AUTOMATIC MACHINE THAT WILL SAVE THE DAY!

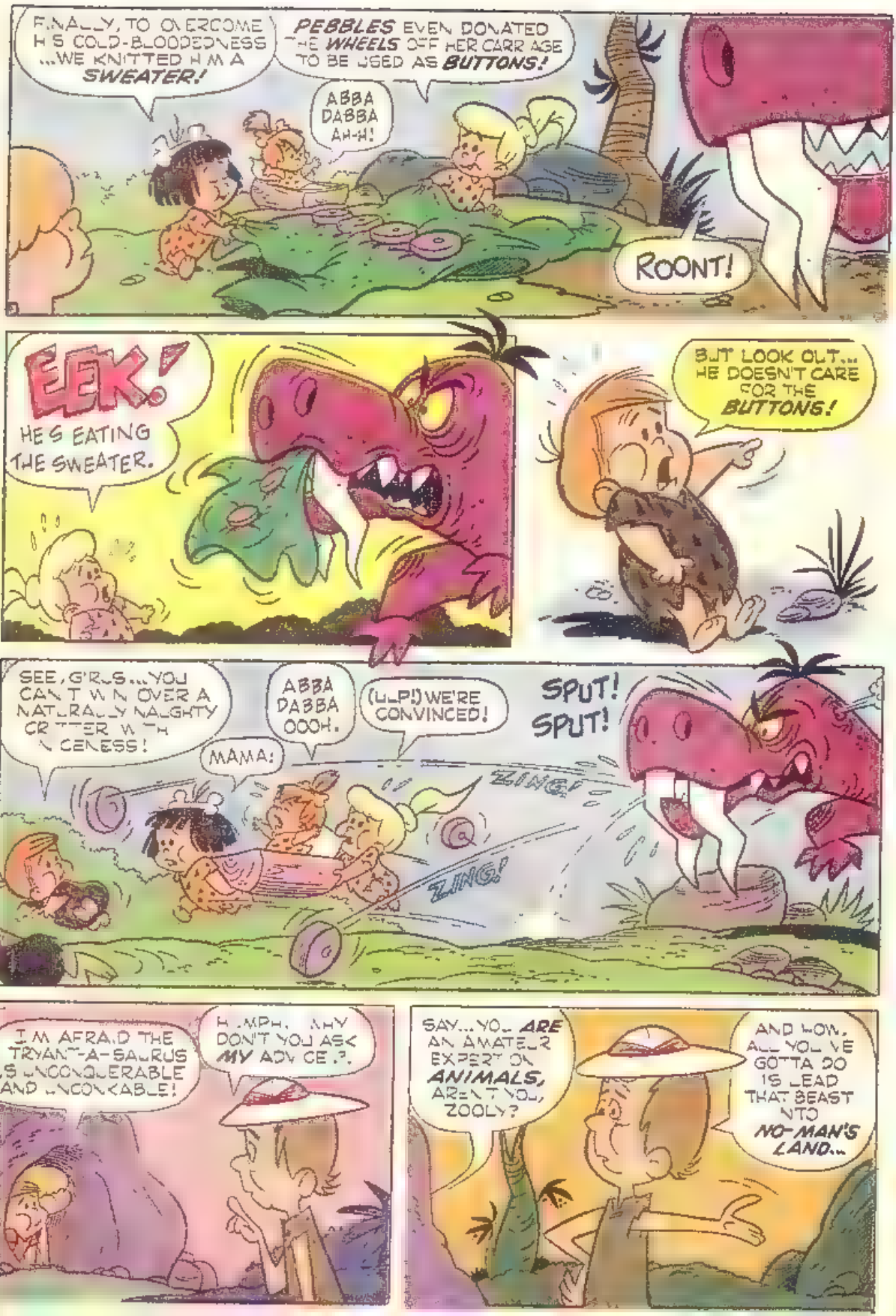

BEHOLD... A MERE TUG OF THE CORD UNLEASHES A DEVASTATING DELUGE OF MISSILES CAPABLE OF PROSTRATING THE MOST BEASTLY OF BEASTS!
ROONT!
THUD!
BOINK!
YEAH, BUT THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IS PRETTY HARD-HEADED!

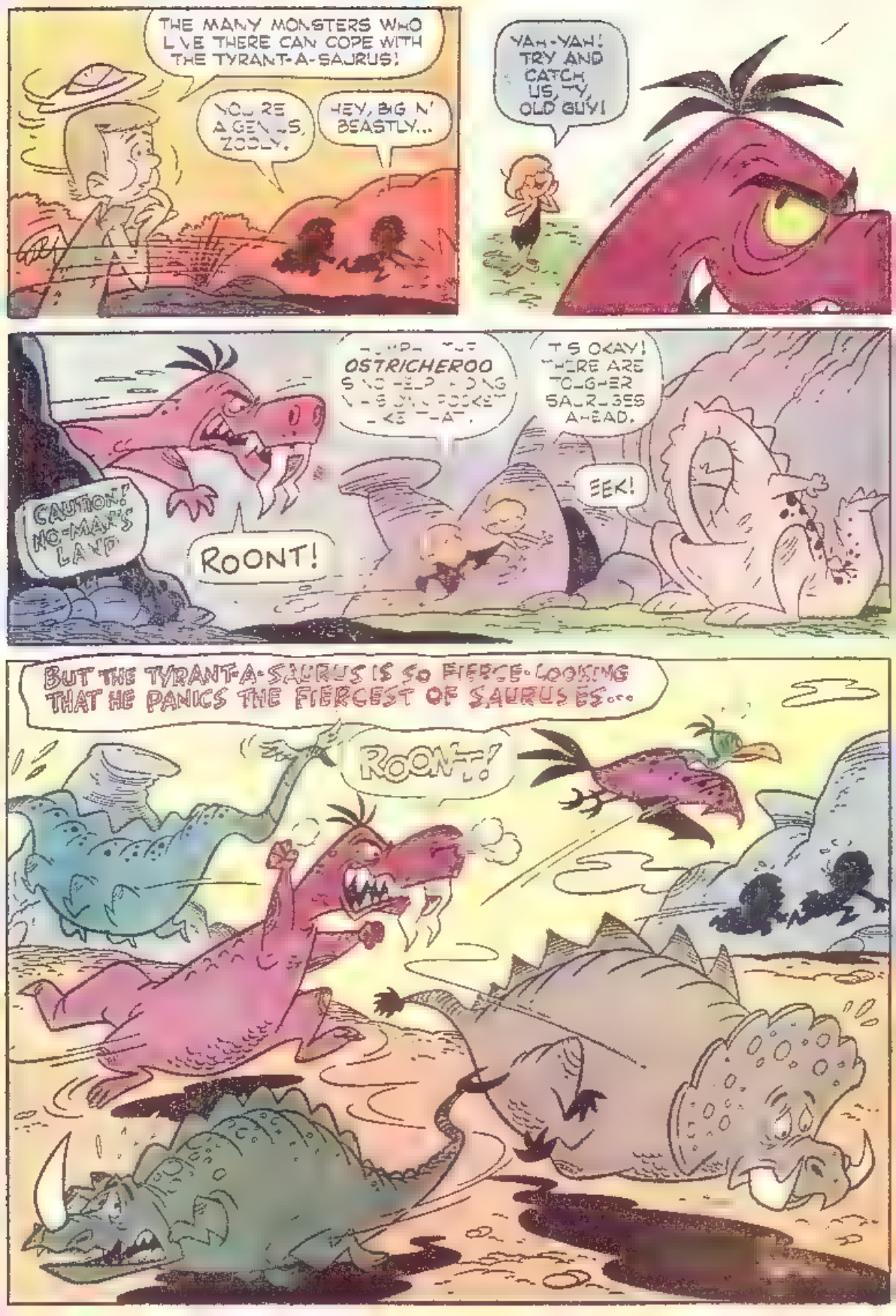

INDEED! WELL, LET'S SEE HIM COPE WITH THIS!...


...A TUB FULL OF LIQUID RUBBER WILL SURELY HOPELESSLY ENSNARL HIM!
SPLOTCH!

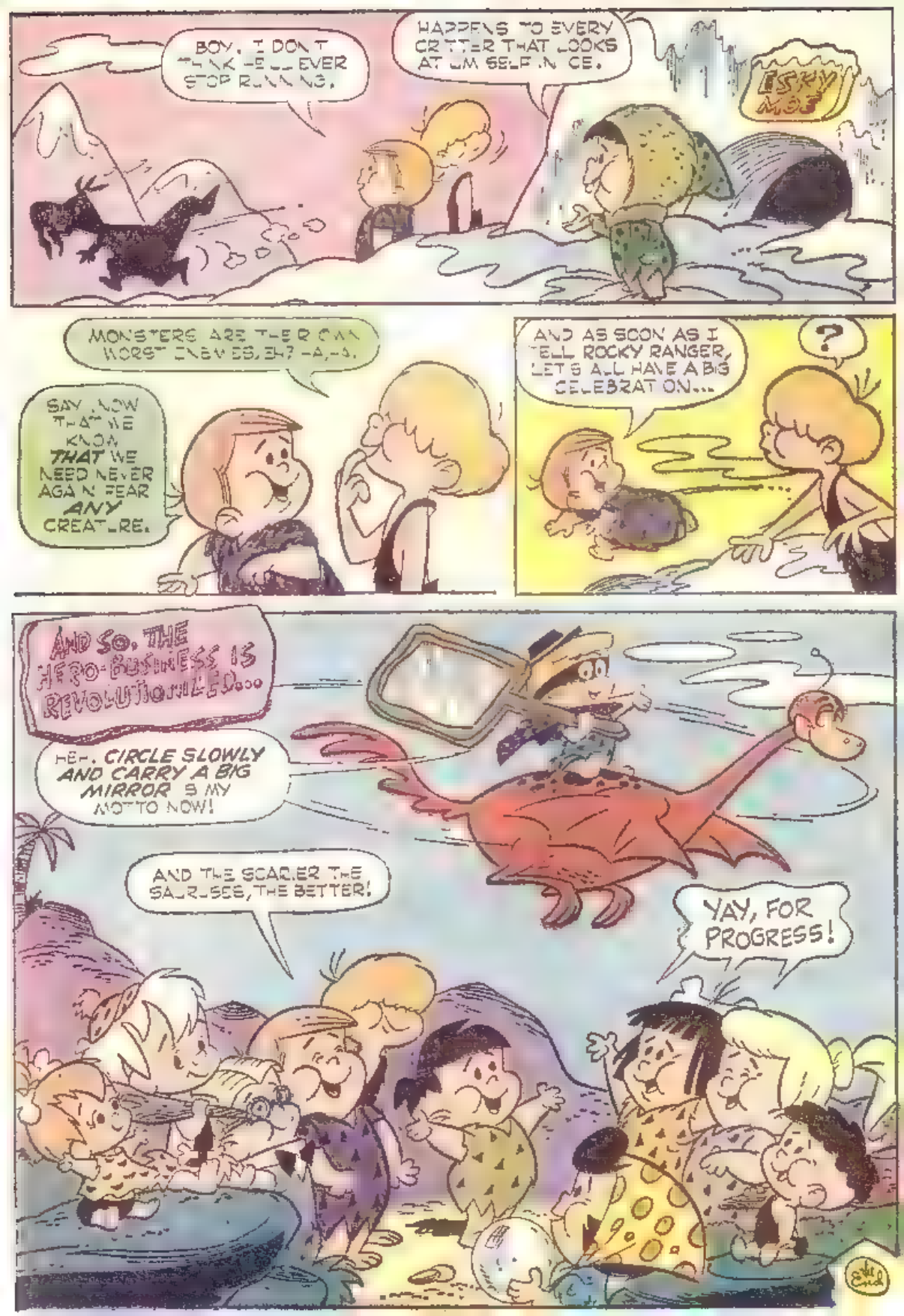

HA, HA! HE'S STUCK TO THE MOUNTAIN!
ROOOOONT!
SMOP!
H-HALP! WE'RE BEING PLOWED UNDER!
CHUNK!
ROONT!

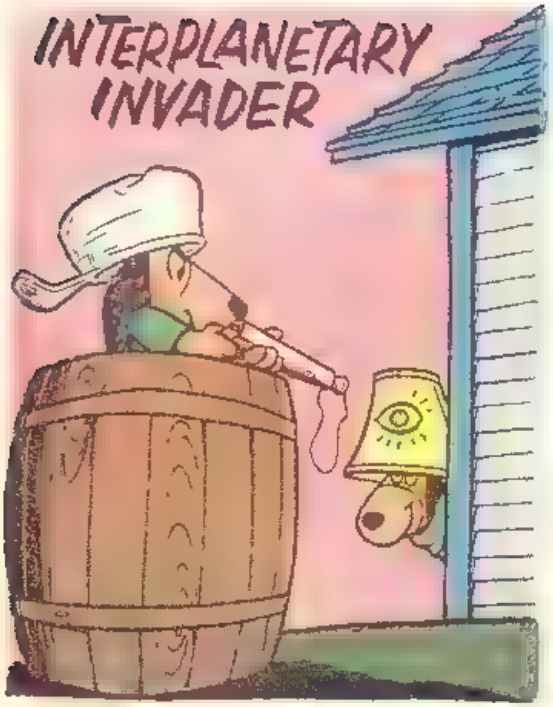
BUT BEFORE LONG...
GREAT DAY, WHAT A BIG CREEPING SPECIMENS!
YAY, DUG UP BY ZOOLY AMEBA, THE AMATEUR ZOOLOGIST.
MY GOODNESS, HOW DID YOU BOYS GET SO DIRTY?
WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING THE TYRANTA-SAURUS GRS.
FIGHTING?!
NO WONDER YOU'RE A MESS,
YOU'RE NOT AS ADVANCED AS WE ARE;
ABBA DABBA GOO;
WELL, HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH A MISERABLE MONSTER.?
EASY...
COME ON, GRS, LET'S OVERCOME THE TYRANTA-SAURUS WITH LOVE AND GENEROSITY!
ABBA DABBA YAH!
WELL, HE'S EATING ALL THE MUFFINS, COOKIES AND PIES.
WHO WOULDN'T?
SLURP!
SLURP!


F.NALLY, TO OVERCOME H S COLD-BLOODEDNESS ...WE KNITTED H M A SWEATER!
PEBBLES EVEN DONATED THE WHEELS OFF HER CARR AGE TO BE USED AS BUTTONS!
ABBA DABBA AH-H!
ROONT!
EEK!
HE S EATING THE SWEATER.
BUT LOOK OUT... HE DOESN'T CARE FOR THE BUTTONS!
SEE, G'RLS...YOU CAN T WIN OVER A NATURALLY NAUGHTY CR TTER W TH N CENESS!
ABBA DABBA OOOH.
(ULP!) WE'RE CONVINCED!
MAMA:
SPUT! SPUT!
ZING!
ZING!
I M AFRA D THE TRYAN'-A-SAURUS S UNCONQUERABLE AND UNCONKABLE!
H MPH. WHY DON'T YOU ASK MY ADV CE ?.
SAY...YOU ARE AN AMATEUR EXPERT ON ANIMALS, AREN'T YOU, ZOOLY?
AND NOW, ALL YOU VE GOTTA DO IS LEAD THAT BEAST INTO NO-MAN'S LAND...


THE MANY MONSTERS WHO LIVE THERE CAN COPE WITH THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS!
YOU'RE A GENIUS, ZOOEY.
HEY, BIG N' BEASTLY...
YAH-YAH! TRY AND CATCH US, TY, OLD GUY!
OSTRICHEROO
IT'S OKAY! THERE ARE TOUGHER SAURUSES AHEAD.
EEK!
CAUTION! NO-MAN'S LAND
ROONT!
BUT THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS IS SO FIERCE-LOOKING THAT HE PANICS THE FIERCEST OF SAURUSES...
ROONT!

EVEN THE MANY-MOUTHED-MONSTER MUNCHER TURNS CHICKEN...oo
CLUCK! CLUCK!
...AND NOW THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN US AND THE TYRANT-A-SAURUS BUT THIN AIR.
HOT AIR, THAT'S.
SSS!
(GULP.) SNOW... AND HERE'S DOWN!.. LOSING SPEED.
EEK! OUR FUTURE HAS COME TRUE!
UGH.
ROONT?
EEEEAAAK!
HEY! HE SEES HIS REFLECTION IN THIS GLACIER.
HE'S SCARING HIMSELF!


BOY, I DON'T THINK HE'LL EVER STOP RUNNING.
HAPPENS TO EVERY CRITTER THAT LOOKS AT UM SELF IN CE.
ESKY M.C.
MONSTERS ARE THE CAN WORST ENEMIES, EH? -A.-A.
SAY, NOW THAT WE KNOW THAT WE NEED NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY CREATURE.
AND AS SOON AS I TELL ROCKY RANGER, LET'S ALL HAVE A BIG CELEBRATION...
?
AND SO, THE HERO-BUSINESS IS REVOLUTIONIZED...
HEP. CIRCLE SLOWLY AND CARRY A BIG MIRROR IS MY MOTTO NOW!
AND THE SCARIER THE SAURSES, THE BETTER!
YAY, FOR PROGRESS!



"So this is what my son Augie is read.ng!" said Doggie Daddy, as he picked up a book from the table. It was titled *Clyde Cosmic—Space Age*, and on the cover was a picture of fearless Clyde menaced by a frightful fire-breathing creature.

"Ho ho!" chuckled Daddy. "I wonder if my imaginative offspring really believes th s stuff!"

He was about to put the book down when suddenly he heard a shout ben nd h m

"Don't move a muscle, Dear Dad! You are in d re danger!" yelled Aug e.

"Huh?" said Dear Dad, whirling around

Augie was standing in the doorway a toy popgun in his hand. At that moment he pulled the tr gger, and a cork flew out, hitting Doggie Daddy right on the nose!

"Ouch!" cried Dogg e Daddy

"Oh, I'm sorry, Dear Father!" cried Augie "I meant to hit that fire-breathing monster that was going to carry you off to Mars or someplace "

"What ?" began Dad, then caught h m-self. "Oh, yeah THAT monster! If you hadn't come along and scared him off, I'd sure be on my way to Mars or somep ace! Thanks a lot, my dear courageous son!"

"That's all r ght, Prec ous Pafer!" said Augie, as he ran outside. "Now I have to go and fight off some more interplanetary invaders who want to take over Earth."

"Heh heh!" chuck ed Doggie Daddy. "What an imaginat on that son of mine has!"

He looked out of the window Augie was in the back yard huddled in a barrel, with an old pot on his head.

"Prepare for landing!" he shouted. "Activate reverse thrust rockets!" and then, to some imaginary person at h s side, he said, "I hope the creatures on this planet are friendly, Clyde, but keep your superfrazzle ray-gun at the ready!"

Then Doggie Daddy got an idea. "I think I w.l have a little fun with my imaginative young son."

He got an old lamp shade and painted a b g green eye on it. Then he put it on h's head and wrapped a blanket around himself and he sneaked out through the back door.

Augie was busy in his barrel, fighting off imaginary creatures with his popgun.

"Zap! Got you!" he cried. "That'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us brave Earthlings.

Dad thought this was a good time, so he crept around the corner of the house on all fours and let out a wild screech.

"Earthl'ngs, go home!" he shrieked, "or be destroyed!"

Aug e swung around his eyes wide with astonishment. "Go back, you monster!" he cried. "Or I'll ZAP you, too!"

Augie pulled the tr gger of the popgun but noth ng happened. Then he frantically threw away the use ess weapon and grabbed a stick. Whap! Crack! Augie yie ded a vicious wallop r ght on his father's ampshade!

"T ke , said," yel ed Aug e, "that'll teach you space monsters to tangle with us Earthlings! Now leave! Scram!"

Poor, beat Doggie Daddy made a hasty retreat nto the house, leaving the f.eld to his triumphant son

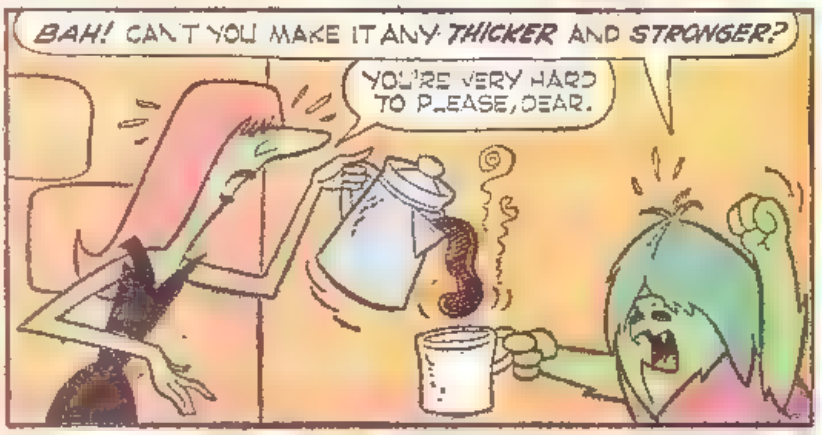
Moments later, Augie came running into the house. "Dad! Dear Dad!" he shouted. "I ,ust clobbered a real, five space monster! I really did! And it wasn't an imaginary monster, either!"

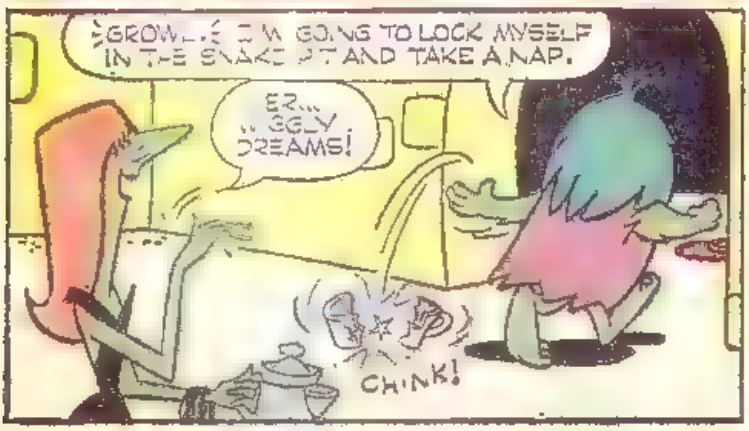
"I believe you, strong armed son of mine," replied Doggie Daddy, rubb ng his head. Then he sa d to himself, "I only wish this bump on my head was imaginary!"

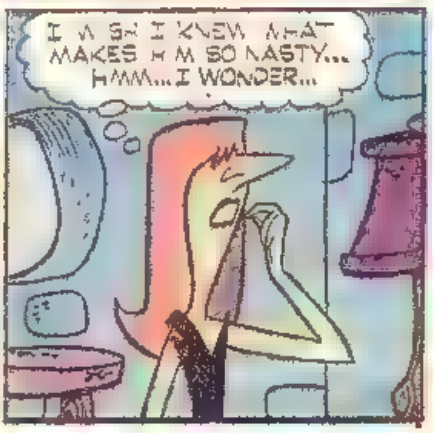
Hanna-Barbera

THE GRUESOMES

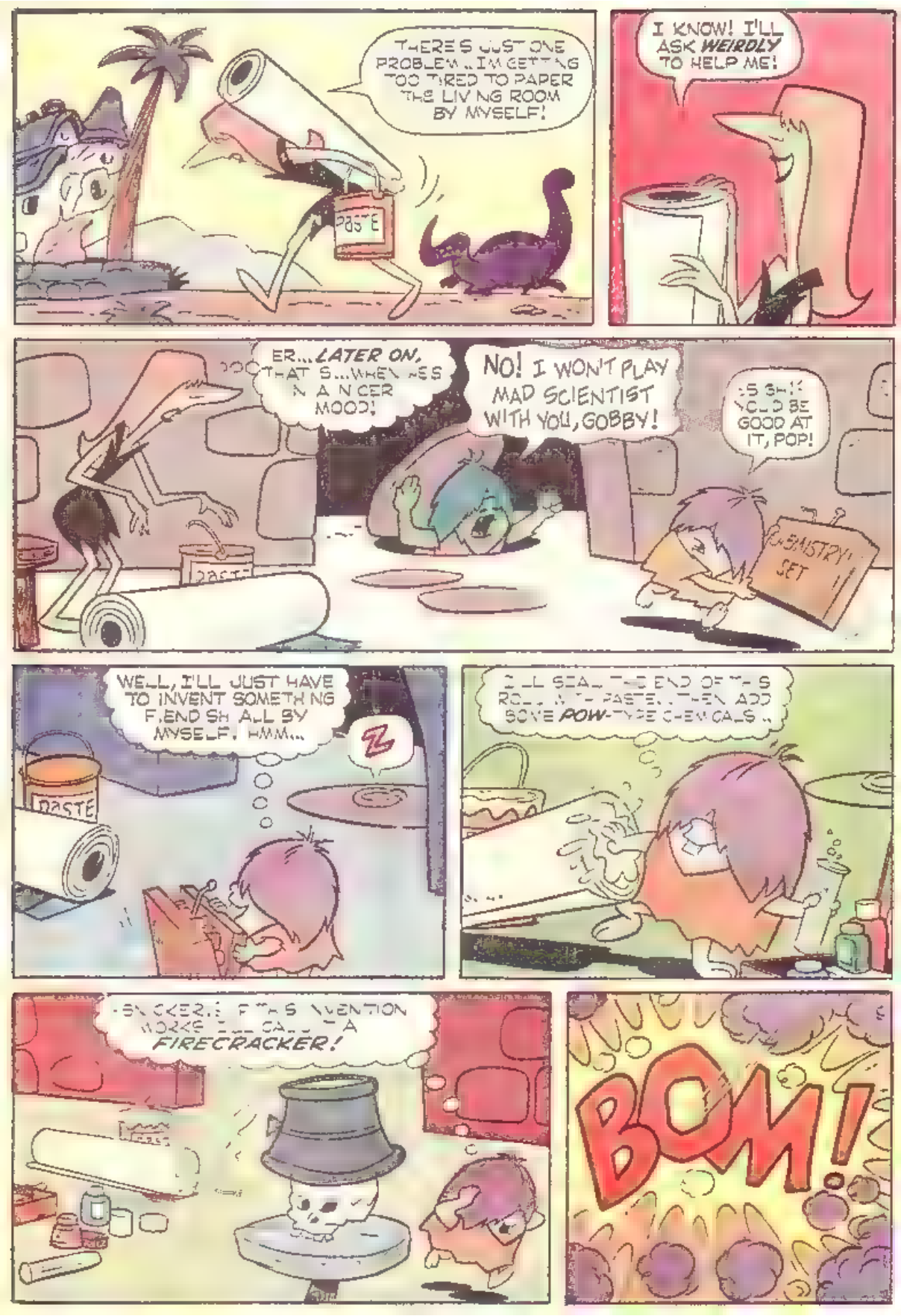
HOME, HORRID HOME







THE LIVING ROOM IS RATHER DRAB! COULD BE THE SORRY-SURROUNDINGS HAVE GOT HIM DOWN.
WELL, I'LL FIX THAT IN A SWIFT JIFFY.
I'LL REDECORATE THE LIVING ROOM...
PAINT WALLPAPER
GAY GRAY
...AND THEREBY JOLLY-UP MY SOUR SWEETIE!
TAKE-IT-EASY CHAIR
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE CHANGE IN HIM!
:GROWL!:
WHO SET THIS BOOBY-TRAP FOR ME?
OH, MY.
SHORTLY...
:SNIFF:! THEN AFTER HE CHOPPED-UP THE PIANO, HE HISSED AT ME!
PAINT WALLPAPER
AND NEVER EVEN NOTICED THE GAY GRAY WALLS, EH?
PERHAPS I SHOULD HAVE MADE THEM BLACK AND BLUE WALLPAPER?
OOH! LOVELY.

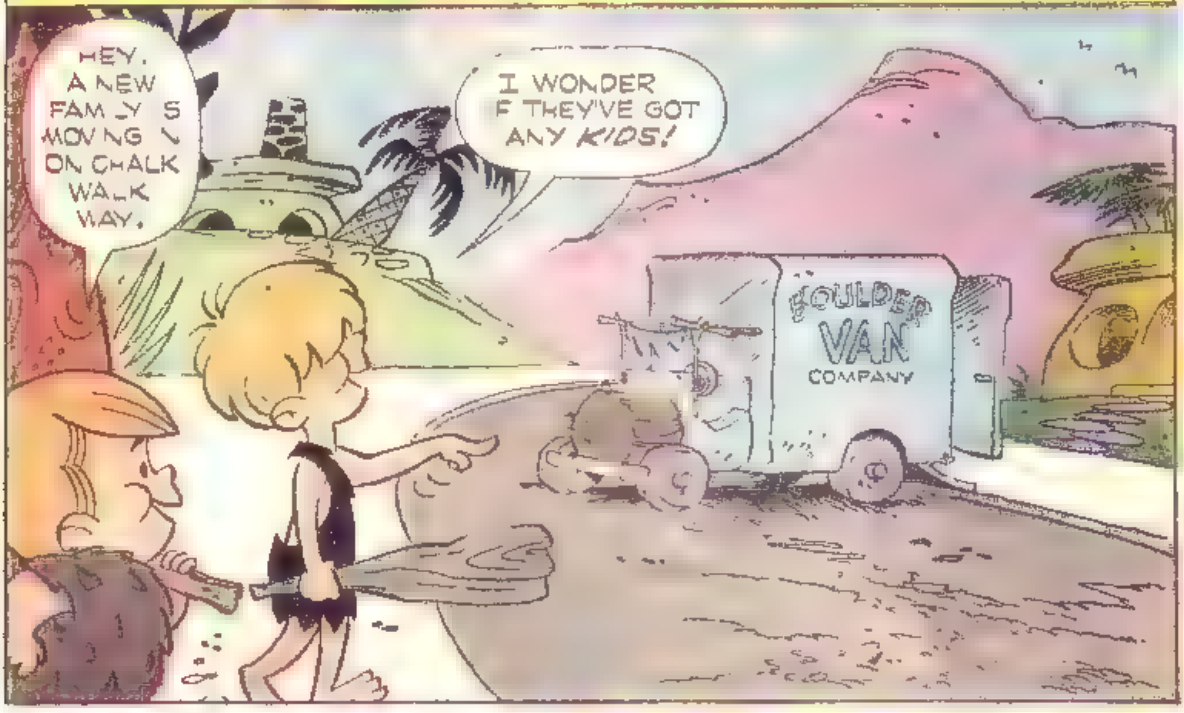

THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM...I'M GETTING TOO TIRED TO PAPER THE LIVING ROOM BY MYSELF!
PASTE
I KNOW! I'LL ASK WEIRDLY TO HELP ME!
ER...LATER ON, THAT'S...WHEN I'M IN A CANCER MOOD!
NO! I WON'T PLAY MAD SCIENTIST WITH YOU, GOBBY!
:SIGH:! YOU'D BE GOOD AT IT, POP!
CHEMISTRY SET
WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO INVENT SOMETHING FIENDISH ALL BY MYSELF. HMM...
Z
PASTE
I'LL SEAL THE END OF THIS ROLL WITH PASTE...THEN ADD SOME POW-TYPE CHEMICALS...
:SNICKER!: FOR THIS INVENTION WORKS I'LL CALL IT A FIRECRACKER!
BOM!

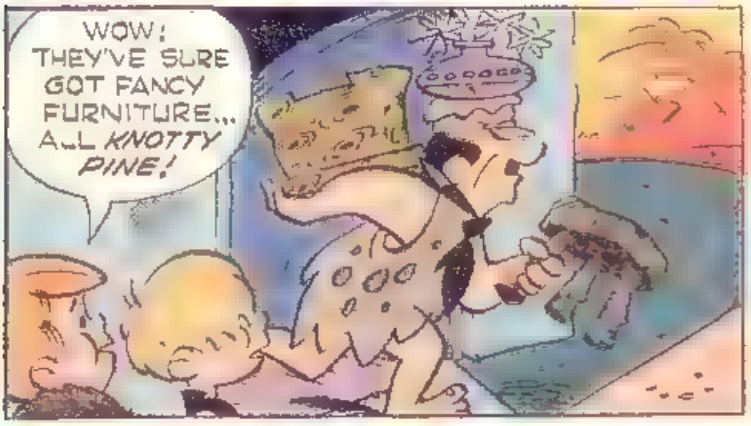
G-GOBBY: WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
RELAX, MOM... I WAS MERELY BEING CREATIVE! SEE? I CREATED HAVOC IN HERE.
OH, NO!
SEEK SHELTER... HERE COMES PAPPY, UP FROM THE PIT.
WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET?
HEY, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT.
AND SO...
I DROOL OVER THIS BOMBED-OUT EFFECT.
I'M A CHILD GENIUS! EE-YAH-HA-HA!

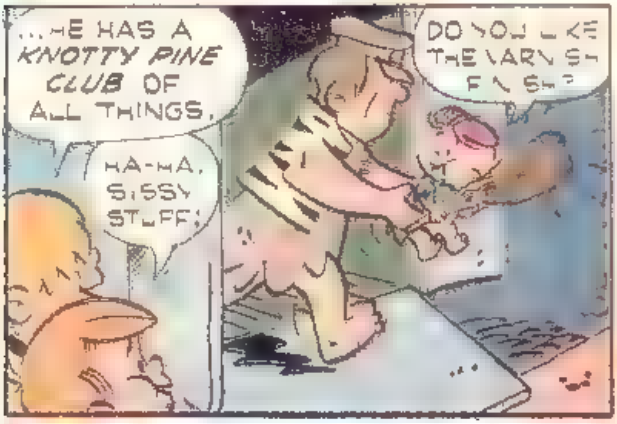
Hanna-Barbera

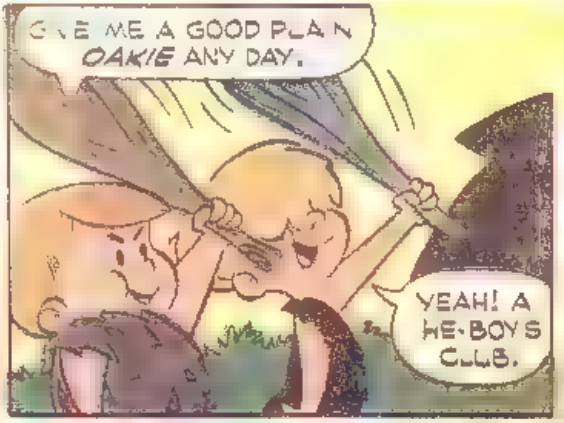
CAVE KIDS

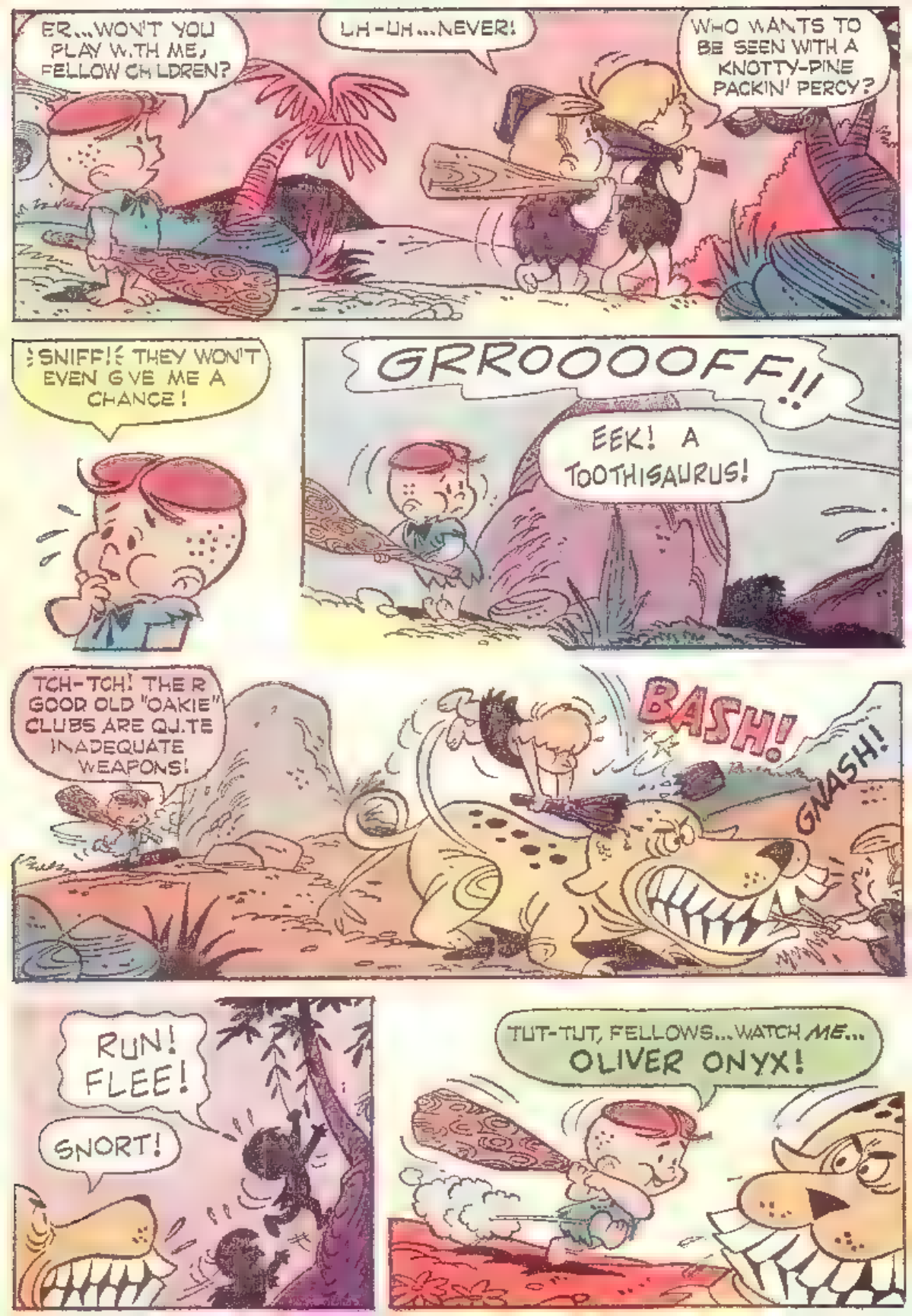
KNOTTY BUT NICE

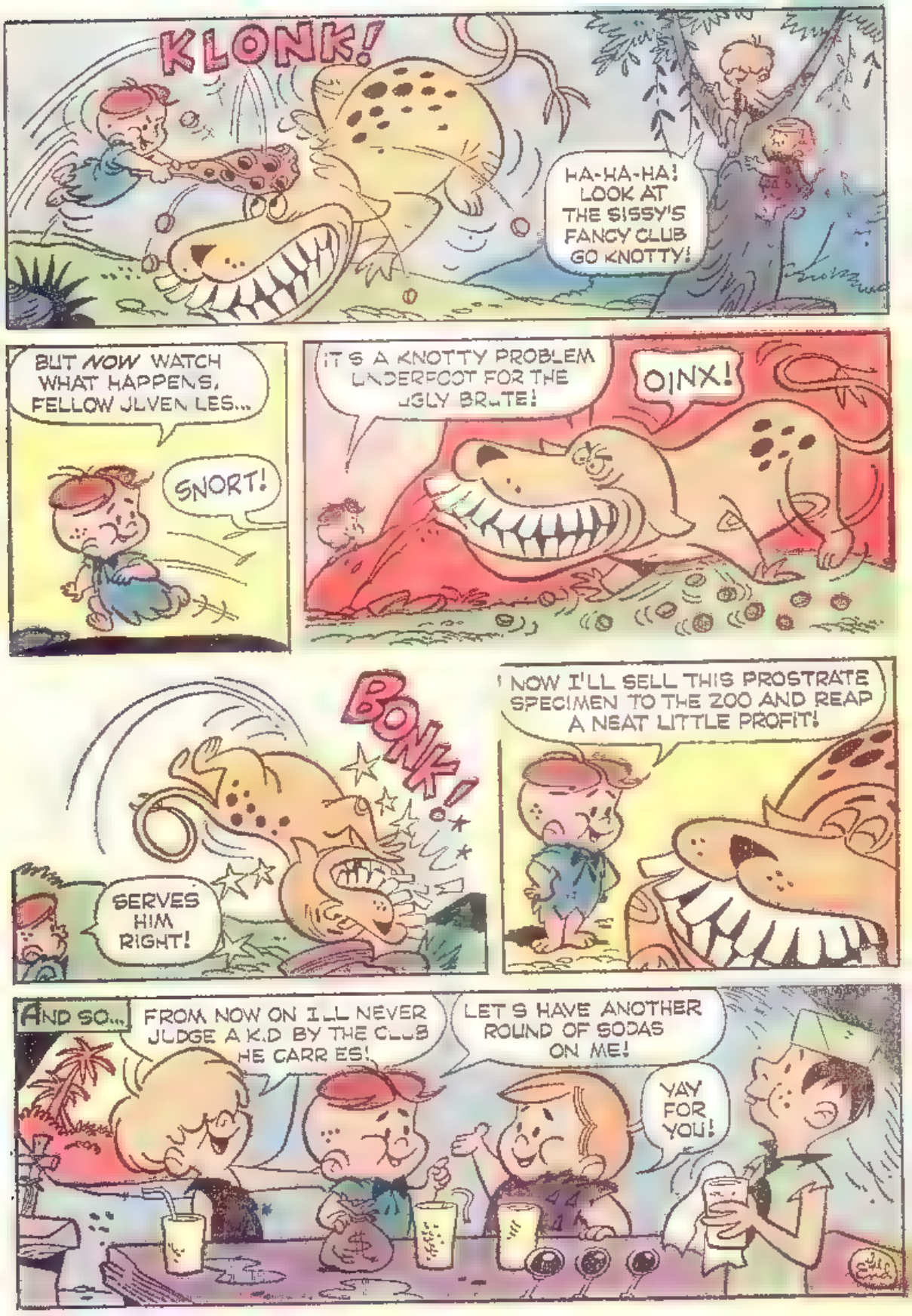








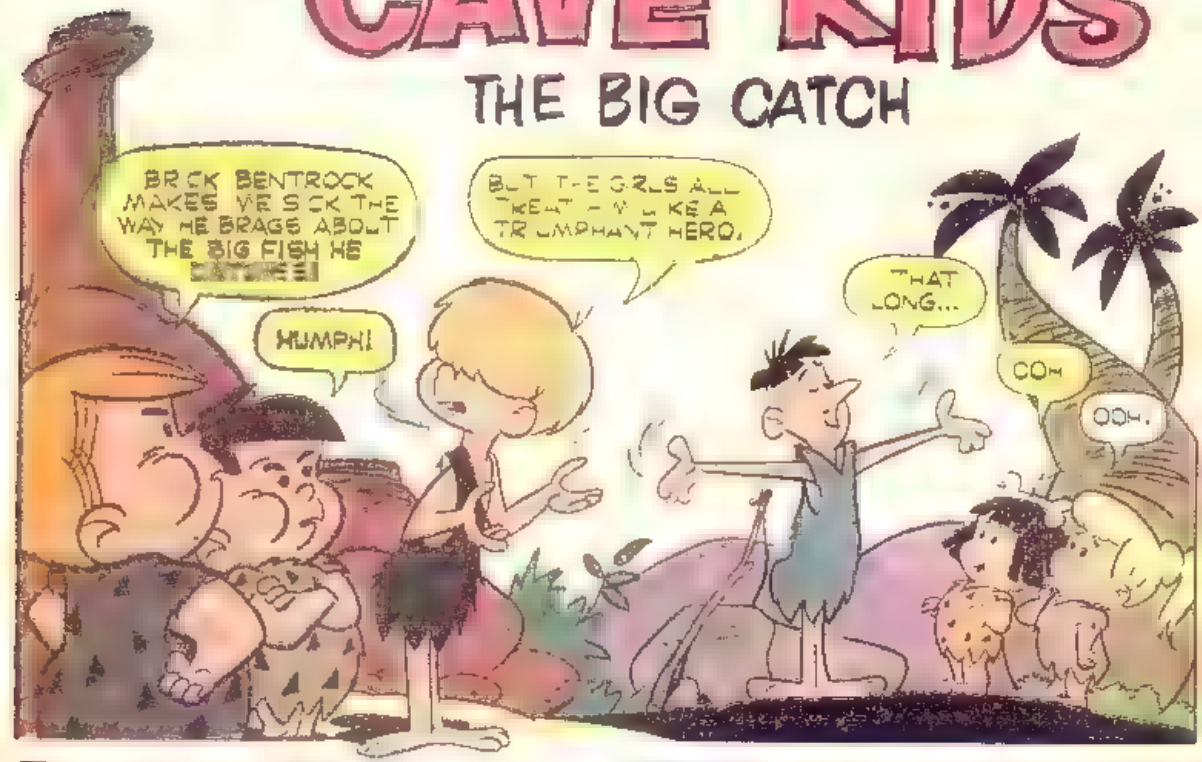

ER...WON'T YOU PLAY W.TH ME, FELLOW CH LDREN?
LH-UH...NEVER!
WHO WANTS TO BE SEEN WITH A KNOTTY-PINE PACKIN' PERCY?
:SNIFF!: THEY WON'T EVEN G VE ME A CHANCE!
GRROOOOFF!!
EEK! A TOOTHISAURUS!
TCH-TCH! THE R GOOD OLD "OAKIE" CLUBS ARE QU.TE INADEQUATE WEAPONS!
BASH!
GNASH!
RUN! FLEE!
SNORT!
TUT-TUT, FELLOWS...WATCH ME... OLIVER ONYX!

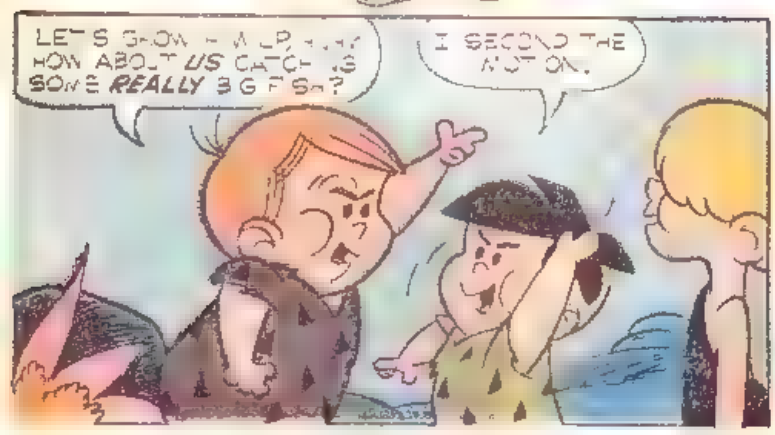

KLONK!
HA-HA-HA! LOOK AT THE SISSY'S FANCY CLUB GO KNOTTY!
BUT NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS, FELLOW JUVENILES...
SNORT!
IT'S A KNOTTY PROBLEM UNDERFOOT FOR THE UGLY BRUTE!
OINX!
BONK!
SERVES HIM RIGHT!
NOW I'LL SELL THIS PROSTRATE SPECIMEN TO THE ZOO AND REAP A NEAT LITTLE PROFIT!
AND SO...
FROM NOW ON I'LL NEVER JUDGE A KID BY THE CLUB HE CARRIES!
LET'S HAVE ANOTHER ROUND OF SODAS ON ME!
YAY FOR YOU!

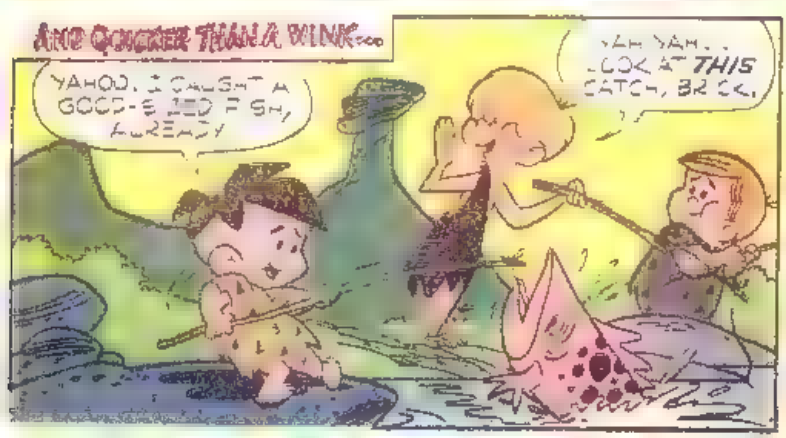
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

THE BIG CATCH


BRICK BENTROCK MAKES ME SICK THE WAY HE BRAGS ABOUT THE BIG FISH HE [illegible]!
HUMPH!
BUT THE GIRLS ALL THINK I'M LIKE A TRIUMPHANT HERO.
THAT LONG...
OOH
OOH.

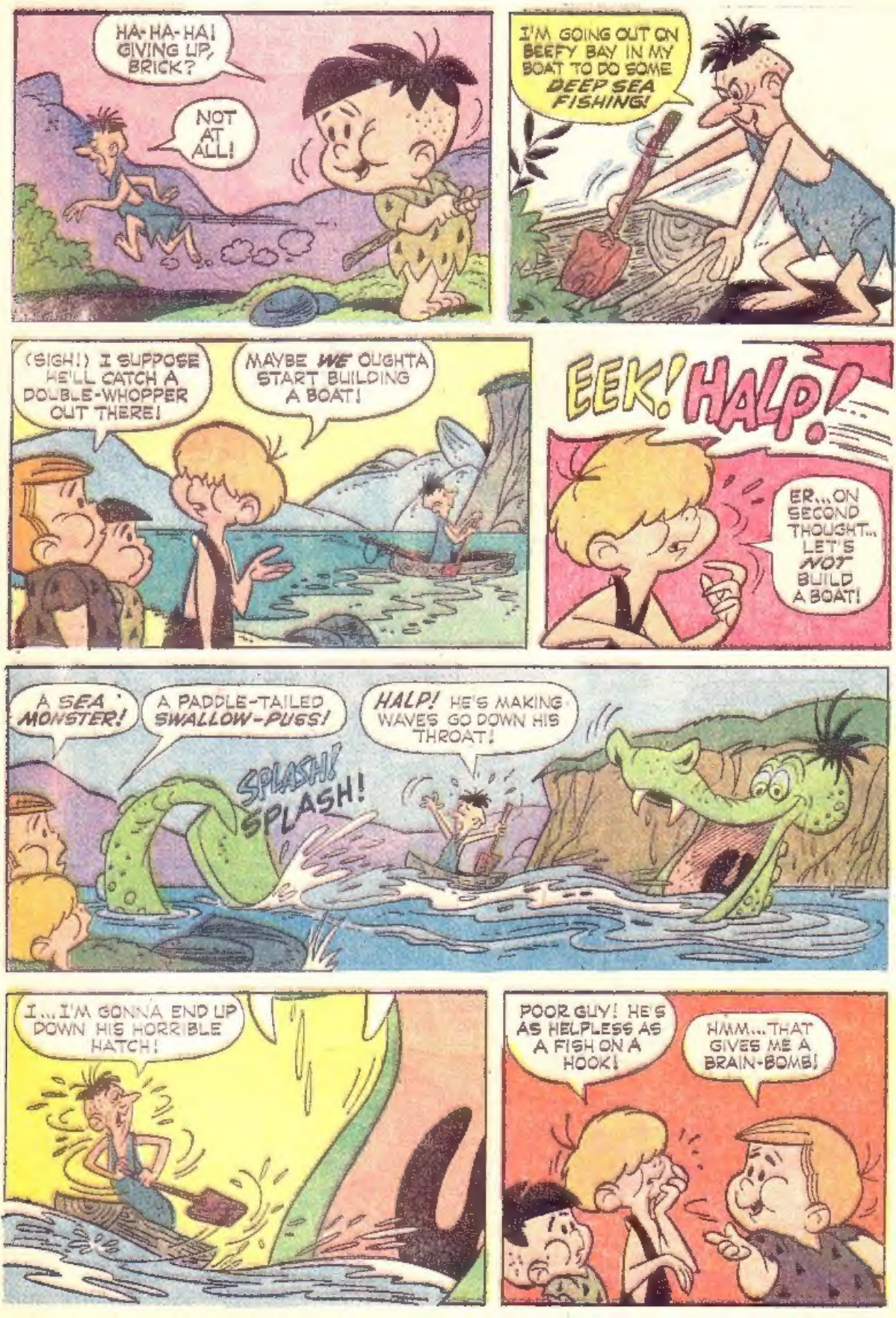




STAND ASIDE, MEN! I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE CRUSHED BY THE MONSTER I'M GOING TO FLIP ONTO THE SHORE.
FLYPH, LISTEN TO THIS BROADCASTER.
HEE-HAW!
HE'LL LIKELY LATCH ONTO A LITTLE MINNOW.
SPLAT!
HEY!
I WARNED YOU, CHUMMIES.
YOW!
OOF!
ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THIS LAYING DOWN?
NO!
LEAST WE CAN AFTER WE GET UP!
LET'S HAVE A POW WOW.
THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN LUCK... I THINK IT'S THE BAIT HE USES.
I THINK I CAN RECALL ONE OF HIS WORM-HUNTS IN MY CRYSTAL BALL.
YOU'RE CRAZY, GYPSY.
THERE'S BRICK ENTERING HARD FLOOR VALLEY... HE'LL NOT BE ABLE TO DIG FOR WORMS THERE!
TAXPD.

SO THAT'S IT: HE USES HIS FATHER'S DIGGY-O-SAURUS.
THE ONLY CRITTER MY FATHER OWNS IS AN OLD MODEL-A-SAURUS.
WE'RE OUT OF LUCK.
BUT LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND HARD-FLOOR VALLEY... JUST IN CASE.
YEAH! MAYBE A BIG WORM WILL COME UP FOR A SUN BATH.
HARD-FLOOR VALLEY
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, MEN!
?
THUNK
HOOF!
I WAS LOOKING UP AND I DON'T SEE THAT ROOT!
LOOKING UP FOR WORMS?
SURE! HAVEN'T YOU EVER SEEN NORMY APPLES?
ERK!
LOOK OUT, GUYS... A RIPPY-SNOOTUS IS CHASING ME.
HMM... SHEEPY'S ACCIDENT GIVES ME AN IDEA...

YAH-YAH, YOU BIG UGLY!
SNORT!
THAT'S IT... I'VE GOT HIS EYES OFF OF THE ROAD!
HA, HA! I WAS THE APPLE-OF-HIS-EYE, AND THE ROOT OF HIS DOWNFALL!
TRIPPO!
PLOW!
HE'LL PROBABLY BE IN A DAZE FOR DAYS! YUK!
HEY... LOOK IN THIS BIG DITCH THE RIPPY-SNOOTUS PLOWED ...BIG FISHING WORMS!
YAY! A DOUBLE VICTORY!
AND SO...
AHA! FEAST YOUR EYES ON THESE WHOPPERS, BRICK!
THEY'VE GOTTEN SOME GOOD BAIT! RAT-O-SAURUSES!


HA-HA-HA! GIVING UP, BRICK?
NOT AT ALL!
I'M GOING OUT ON BEEFY BAY IN MY BOAT TO DO SOME DEEP SEA FISHING!
(SIGH!) I SUPPOSE HE'LL CATCH A DOUBLE-WHOPPER OUT THERE!
MAYBE WE OUGHTA START BUILDING A BOAT!
EEK! HALP!
ER... ON SECOND THOUGHT... LET'S NOT BUILD A BOAT!
A SEA MONSTER!
A PADDLE-TAILED SWALLOW-PUGS!
HALP! HE'S MAKING WAVES GO DOWN HIS THROAT!
SPLASH! SPLASH!
I... I'M GONNA END UP DOWN HIS HORRIBLE HATCH!
POOR GUY! HE'S AS HELPLESS AS A FISH ON A HOOK!
HMM... THAT GIVES ME A BRAIN-BOMB!

C'MON ... LET'S RUN AROUND TO THE CLIFF-SIDE OF THE BAY!
AND JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME...
HUH? I'M HOOKED!
HA-HA! THAT LAST PADDLE WAS SUPPOSED TO SPLOSH ME DOWN!
SMACKO!
BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER THANK YOU GUYS!
DON'T BOTHER!
THE MERE FACT THAT WE WERE ABLE TO "CATCH" YOU IS QUITE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP!
?
50 cec
WE CAUGHT THE BIGGEST FISHERMAN AROUND ... BRICK BENTROCK! ... THIS BIG!
I'M GONNA TAKE UP BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!

Hanna-Barbera
SMALL STUFF